Richard Gallen
260 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10001

11/19/94

Dear Richard,

As I think back over many years, of all the people I have known I can think of no person whose word I believed I could have depended on more than you, of no person I believed would only be honest with me, of none who I believed would never be untruthful than you. And as I think back about your record with NEVER AGAIN! I can't remember that you ever once told me the truth. So I have no reason to believe that if you respond at all, which ordinarily common decency and self-respect would require, you will not tell me the truth. But I do give you a chance to and I hope that you can once again be the man I loved and respected and of whom I would never have believed such bad conduct could be possible.

I continue to get the most flattering mail about Case Open. It is no longer every day but it is regular and, surprisingly, yesterday it was five letters. I now have even less doubt that had you not butchered the book, if you had printed it as I wrote it and made the normal effort to promote and sell it, it would have been both a good success and an important work. The reaction I've been getting is unique in that in hundreds of letters and a surprising number of calls that continue, there has not been a single adverse criticism. All are in varying degrees raves. And as you may have seen, Posner was not able to do a thing in response other than prove what I said in saying he does not tell the truth even by accident. He did not and he could not fault a single word I wrote. He said only that I had finally gotten commercial publication. It was my 12th or 13th.

Your betrayal of trust was even more hurtful because when you told me you could be interested in NEVER AGAIN! it happened I had the name of a former Kennedy employee and friend who had become an agent. When Oliver Stone's movie was pending and I suggested a book on it to Lardner, he had no agent and got her name when he asked around about one. He is a conservative and did not want a Kennedyite as an agent. Then I was able to try that approach. Now I am not. My health and my capabilities have deteriorated that much. And, as you may remember, I then told you that with what time remains for me I want to perfect our history on this subject to the degree possible for me. Thanks to you and whatever interest you serve other than normal publishing interest, in my lifetime at least it will be no more than a record in my files and in two educational institutions.

Since I first mentioned this to you I have written I think about a million words. I have two more completed rough drafts and I'm nearing the end of a third. All of these, with normal editing, could be books with continuing sales over the years and they would have been what I once told you I wanted for you, a credit to you.

The book I'm working on is an expansion of what I sent long ago in the expectation

that someone up there might be able to place it in a magazine and have it serve as a natural promotion for the two books you were to publish. I doubt you took the time to read it. As I told you I would have done with Case Open, the two completed drafts are being retyped down here and that also will be done, whether or not I am still alive, with Senator Russell Dissents. I have from the archive he left his high opinion of my first four books and the statement he prepared for that executive session at which he believed he would be making his record for history. I have Senator Cooper's vigorous agreement with Russell from his archive in Kentucky. The other major area of Russell's disagreement currently plagiarized and rewritten by Tony Summers was "I am confident they have not told us all they know about Oswald." Other than as John Newman is doing, I have been telling that story. In what that crook of a Baltimore cop who was working for both Livingstone and Lifton stole for Lifton, filed in a different place so he could not steal it, I found that three years ago I wrote you and David, who I then understood was looking for something to do, my offer to him of my work for Agent Oswald, the title in the sense of a question. I'd put that letter with my writing file as a reminder of a new angle. I recall making other offers to David, to give him my work. So you see that I also trusted you for fidelity to my work. And I appreciated kindness and tried to repay it.

The book I offered David was there, and with two members of the Warren Commission to support it, with any effort at all should have been one helluva book. That with what I think Newman will evolve would have had a second life.

If I ever had the capacity for really hating, I lost it in World War II when I almost threw a real pest overboard when we were part of a 32-man escort-guard for 1,000 Nazi Afrika Korps prisoners in a convoy from Oran. I'd had disentery for several weeks, was weak, had been restricted to the few liquids available on a ship, that bastard was pestering the life out of me. I had him at the rail when I got control of myself. This reminds me. Some time ago I offered you for Jill an antique Longines woman's lapel watch with an interesting history. You did not even respond. Not was when I got it from a Nazi.

I hope you do not reach my age wondering each day if you'll live through that day and be confronted by the breach of trust, the betrayal of faith, you have given me. When you can do nothing about it.

Sincerely,

Harold

Letter to Herman Graf enclosed